



David S. Sandberg

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When I come to the end of the road
and the sun has set on me,
I want no rites in a gloom filled room,
why cry for a soul set free.
Miss me a little--but not too long,
and not with your head bowed low,
Remember the love that we once shared,
miss me--but let me go.
For this is a journey that we all must take,
and each must go alone.
It's all a part of the Master's plan,
a step on the road to home.
When you are lonely and sick of heart,
go to the friends we know.
And bury your sorrows in doing good deeds,
miss me--but let me go.